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SELECTION

OF

PSALMS, HYMNS & ANTHEMS,

FOR

Every Sunday and Principal Festival

THROUGHOUT THE YEAR;

FOR THE USE OF CONGREGATIONS IN THE DIOCESES OF QUEBEC AND TORONTO.

Published under the sanction of the Hon. and Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Montreal and the Hon. and Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Toronto.

SIXTH EDITION.

TORONTO:

HENRY ROWSELL, KING STREET.

1857.

ROWSELL & ELLIS, PRINTERS, KING STREET, TORONTO.

PSALM I. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 6.

How bless'd is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk:

But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II. C. M.

VER. 7, 8, 9, 10 11.

Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree:
"Thou art my Son, this day, my heir,
"Have I begotten thee.

"Ask and receive thy full demands;
"Thine shall the heathen be;
"The utmost limits of the lands
"Shall be possess'd by thee.

"Thy threat'ning sceptre shall thou shake,
"And crush them every where,
"As massive bars of iron break
"The potter's brittle ware."

Learn, then, ye princes, and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
Worship the Lord with holy fear,
Rejoice with awful mirth.

PSALM III. C. M.

VER. 3, 4, 5, 8.

But thou, O Lord, art my defence,
On thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory, and shall yet
Lift up my head on high.

Since, whensoe'er in like distress
To God I made my prayer,
He heard me from his holy hill,
Why should I now despair?

Guarded by him I laid me down,
My sweet repose to take;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He only can defend;
His blessing he extends to all
That on his pow'r depend.

PSALM V. C. M.

VER. 1 2, 3, 8, 11.

Lord, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret prayer;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear;
And with the dawning day;
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

Conduct me by thy righteous laws,
For watchful is my foe;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
Wherein I ought to go.

But let all those who trust in thee
With shouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st
And all that love thy name.

PSALM VI. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Thy dreadful anger, Lord, restrain,
And spare a wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
Too heavy to be borne.

Have mercy, Lord, for I grow faint,
Unable to endure
The anguish of my aching bones,
Which thou alone canst cure.

My tortur'd flesh distracts my mind,
And fills my soul with grief;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
To grant me thy relief?

Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat,
And ease my troubled soul;
Lord, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Vouchsafe to make me whole.

PSALM VIII. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

O thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame;
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

In heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

When heav'n thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

PSALM IX. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 9, 10.

To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world thy works,
Thy wondrous works declare.

The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring;
Whilst to thy name, O thou, most high,
Triumphant praise I sing.

God is a constant, sure defence,
Against oppressing rage:
As troubles rise his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

All those who have his goodness prov'd,
  Will in his truth confide,
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
  That on his help relied.

PSALM X. C. M.

VER. 1, 12, 16, 17.

Thy presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord,
  Why hid'st thou now thy face,
What dismal times of deep distress
  Call for thy wonted grace?

But thou, O Lord, at length arise,
  Stretch forth thy mighty arm:
And by the greatness of thy pow'r
  Defend the poor from harm.

Assert thy just dominion, Lord,
  Which shall for ever stand,
Thou who the heathen did'st expel
  From this thy chosen land.

Thou dost the humble suppliants hear,
  That to thy throne repair;
Thou first prepar'st their hearts to pray,
  And then accept'st their prayer.

PSALM XI. C. M.

VER. 1, 4, 5, 7.

Since I have placed my trust in God,
A refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,
To distant mountains fly?

The Lord hath both a temple here,
And righteousness above,
Whence he surveys the sons of men,
And how their councils move.

If God the righteous, whom he loves,
For trial does correct;
What must the sons of violence,
Whom he abhors, expect?

The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace;
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

PSALM XII. C. M.

VER. 2, 4, 6, 7.

The lips that with deceit abound
Can never prosper long;
God's righteous vengeance will confound
The proud blaspheming tongue.

In vain those foolish boasters say,
"Our tongues are sure our own;
"With doubtful words we will betray,
"And be controll'd by none."

The word of God shall still abide,
And void of falsehood be,
As is the silver sev'n times tried,
From drossy mixture free.

The promise of his aiding grace
Shall reach the purpos'd end;
His servants from this faithless race
He ever shall defend.

PSALM XIII. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 5, 6.

How long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh! never to return?

How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,
And grief my heart oppress?
How long my enemies insult,
And I have no redress?

Since I have always plac'd my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come, and then
My heart with joy shall spring.

Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
To thee, my God, ascend,
Who to thy servant in distress
Such bounty didst extend.

PSALM XIV. L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 6.

Sure wicked fools must needs suppose
That God is nothing but a name;
Corrupt and lewd their practice grows,
No breast is warm'd with holy flame.

The Lord look'd down from heav'n's high tow'r,
And all the sons of men did view
To see if any own'd his pow'r,
If any truth or justice knew.

But all, he saw, were gone aside,
All were degenerate grown and base;
None took religion for their guide,
Not one of all that sinful race.

Ill men in vain with scorn expose
Those methods which the good pursue;
Since God a refuge is for those
Whom his just eyes with favour view.

PSALM XV. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 7.

Lord, who's the happy man that may
To thy bless'd courts repair?
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

'Tis he who ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.

Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound,
Or hearken to a false report,
By malice whispered round.

The man who, by this steady course,
His happiness insur'd,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand
By Providence secur'd.

PSALM XVI. C. M.

VER. 8, 9, 10, 11.

I strive each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye:
No dangers shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his powerful voice.

Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free;
Nor let thy holy one in death
The least corruption see.

Thou shalt the paths of life display,
That to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without alloy,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM XVIII. L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 6.

No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God:
My trust is in thy mighty pow'r;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

To thee I will address my pray'r,
(To whom all praise we justly owe;)
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
To God address'd my humble moan;
Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
And heard me from his lofty throne.

PSALM XIX. Part 1. C. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 3. G. P.

The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill:
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confined;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM XIX. Part 2. C. M.

Ver. 8, 12, 13, 14.

The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.

But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O! cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou, God, that know'st them all.

Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preserv'd, I may
The great transgression flee.

So shall my pray'r and praises be
With thy acceptance bless'd;
And I secure, on thy defence,
My strength and Saviour, rest.

PSALM XXII. C. M.

Ver. 1, 14, 16, 18.

My God, my God, why leav'st thou me
When I with anguish faint?
O why so far from me remov'd,
And from my loud complaint?

My blood like water's spill'd, my joints
  Are racked and out of frame;
My heart dissolves within my breast
  Like wax before the flame.

Like bloodhounds to surround me they
  In pack'd assemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffensive hands,
  They pierc'd my harmless feet.

As spoil my garments they divide,
  Lots for my vesture cast;
Therefore approach, O Lord, my strength,
  And to my succour haste.

PSALM XXIII. C. M.

VER. 1, 3, 4, 6.

The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
  Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd by whose constant care
  My wants are all supplied.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
  And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
  In his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,
  From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
  Defend and comfort me.

Since God does thus his wondrous love,
Through all my life extend;
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

PSALM XXIV. Part 1. C. M.

Ver. 1, 3, 4, 6.

The spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her fulness is;
The world, and they that dwell therein,
By sov'reign right are his.

But for himself this Lord of all
One chosen seat design'd;
O! who shall to that sacred hill
Desir'd admittance find!

The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free,
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.

Such is the race of saints by whom
The sacred courts are trod;
And such the proselytes that seek
The face of Jacob's God.

PSALM XXIV. Part 2. C. M.

Ver. 7, 8, 9, 10.

Erect your heads, eternal gates,
  Unfold to entertain
The King of Glory. See! he comes
  With his celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory? Who?
  The Lord, for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty, o'er his foes
  Eternal victor crowned.

Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
  In state to entertain
The King of Glory! See! he comes
  With all his shining train.

Who is the King of Glory? Who?
  The Lord of hosts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is King,
  Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV. Part 1. S. M.

Ver. $\overset{\frown}{1\ 2}$, 3, $\overset{\frown}{4\ 5}$, 6.

To God, in whom I trust,
  I lift my heart and voice:
O! let me not be put to shame,
  Nor let my foes rejoice.

Those who on thee rely
  Let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful lot of such
  As wilfully offend.

To me thy truth impart,
  And lead me in thy way;
For thou art he that brings me help,
  On thee I wait all day.

Thy mercies and thy love,
  O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
  As thou wert ever, kind.

PSALM XXV. PART 2. S. M.
VER. 6, 8, 9, 10.

Thy mercies and thy love,
  O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
  As thou wert ever, kind.

His mercies and his truth
  The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home
  And teaching them his ways.

He those in justice guides
  Who his direction seek;
And in the sacred paths shall lead
  The humble and the meek.

Through all the ways of God
  Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious heart
  To his bless'd will incline.

PSALM XXV. Part 3. S. M.

Ver. 11, 16, 17, 22.

Since mercy is the grace
  That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
  And so advance thy name.

O turn, and all my griefs,
  In mercy, Lord, redress;
For I am compass'd round with woes,
  And plung'd in deep distress.

The sorrows of my heart
  To mighty sums increase;
O from this dark and dismal state
  My troubled soul release.

To Israel's chosen race
  Continue ever kind:
And in the midst of all their wants
  Let them thy succour find.

PSALM XXVII. C. M.

VER. 7, 8, 9, 14.

Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy my complaints receive,
Nor my request deny.

When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise,
"Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
My grateful heart replies.

Then hide thou not thy face, O Lord,
Nor me in wrath reject:
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.

God's time with patient faith expect,
And he'll inspire thy breast
With inward strength: do thou thy part,
And leave to him the rest.

PSALM XXVIII. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3. G.P.

O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry,
In sighs consume my breath:
O answer, or I shall become
Like those that sleep in death.

Regard my supplication, Lord,
The cries that I repeat,
With weeping eyes and lifted hands,
Before thy mercy seat.

Let me escape the sinner's doom,
Who make a trade of ill,
And ever speak the person fair
Whose blood they mean to spill.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be ever more.

PSALM XXIX. L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 10 11.

Ye princes, that in might excel,
Your grateful sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wond'rous power to all declare.

To his great name fresh altars raise,
Devoutly due respect afford;
Him in his holy temple praise,
Where he's with solemn state ador'd.

'Tis he that with amazing noise,
The wat'ry cloud in sunder breaks;
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When he from heav'n in thunder speaks.

God rules the angry floods on high;
His boundless sway shall never cease;
His saints with strength he will supply,
And bless his own with constant peace.

PSALM XXX. C. M.

VER. 1, 2 3, 4, 6.

I'll celebrate thy praises, Lord,
Who didst thy power employ,
To raise my drooping head, and check
My foe's insulting joy.

In my distress I cried to thee,
Who kindly didst relieve,
And from the grave's expecting jaws
My hopeless life retrieve.

Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.

His wrath has but a moment's reign,
His favour no decay;
Your night of grief is recompens'd
With joy's returning day.

PSALM XXXI. Part 1. S. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Defend me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in thee;
As just and righteous is thy name,
From danger set me free.

Bow down thy gracious ear,
And speedy succour send;
Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
To shelter and defend.

Since thou, when foes oppress,
My rock and fortress art,
To guide me forth from this distress,
Thy wonted help impart.

Release me from the snare
Which they have closely laid,
Since I, O God, my strength, repair
To thee alone for aid.

PSALM XXXI. Part 2. S. M.

Ver. 9, 10, 11, 14.

Thy mercy, Lord, display,
And hear my just complaint;
For both my soul and flesh decay,
With grief and hunger faint.

Sad thoughts my life oppress,
  My years are spent in groans;
My sins have made my strength decrease,
  And even consum'd my bones.

My foes my sufferings mock'd,
  My neighbours did upbraid;
My friends at sight of me were shock'd,
  And fled as men dismay'd.

But still my steadfast trust
  I on thy help repose;
That thou, my God, art good, art just,
  My soul with comfort knows.

PSALM XXXI. PART 3. S. M.
VER. 15, 16, 20, 24.

Whate'er events betide,
  Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
  From those that seek his fall.

The brightness of thy face
  To me, O Lord, disclose;
And as thy mercies still increase,
  Preserve me from my foes.

How great thy mercies are
  To such as fear thy name!
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
  Dost to the world proclaim.

Ye that on God rely
  Courageously proceed,
For he will still your hearts supply
  With strength in time of need.

PSALM XXXII. L. M.

VER. $\overset{\frown}{1\ 2}$, 3, 5, 6.

He's bless'd whose sins have pardon gain'd,
  No more in judgment to appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
  And whose repentance is sincere.

While I conceal'd the fretting sore,
  My bones consumed without relief;
All day did I with anguish roar,
  But no complaint assuag'd my grief.

No sooner I my wound disclosed,
  The guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
  And mercy's healing balm poured in.

True penitents shall thus succeed,
  Who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found:
And, from the common deluge freed,
  Shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.

PSALM XXXIII. Part 1. C. M.

Ver. 1, 4 5, 8 9, 11.

Let all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand;
For when he spake the word, 'twas made,
'Twas fixed at his command.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

PSALM XXXIII. Part 2. C. M.

Ver. 12, 18 19, 20 21, 22.

How happy then are they to whom
The Lord for God is known!
Whom he from all the world besides,
Has chosen for his own!

'Tis God who those that trust in him,
Beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their soul from death, their want
In time of dearth supplies.

Our soul on God with patience waits,
Our help and shield is he:
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.

The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV. Part 1. C. M.

Ver. 1 2, 3, 4, 8, 9.

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name:
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

O make but trial of his love,
  Experience will decide
How bless'd they are, and only they,
  Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
  Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
  He'll make your wants his care.

PSALM XXXIV. Part 2. C. M.

Ver. 1 2, 3, 4, 8, 9.

The Lord from heav'n beholds the just
  With favourable eyes;
And when distress'd, his gracious ear
  Is open to their cries.

Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,
  When his relief they crave;
He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
  And contrite spirit save.

The wicked from their wicked arts
  Their ruin shall derive;
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,
  Shall them and theirs survive:

For God preserves the souls of those
  Who on his truth depend;
To them and their posterity
  His blessing shall descend.

PSALM XXXV. C. M.

VER. 11, 12, 17, 23.

False witnesses, with forg'd complaints,
  Against my truth combin'd;
And to my charge such things they laid
  As I had ne'er designed.

The good, which I to them have done,
  With evil they repaid;
And did, by malice undeserv'd,
  My harmless life invade.

But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
  On my behalf appear,
And save my guiltless soul, which they
  Like rav'ning beasts would tear.

Stir up thyself in my behalf,
  To judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous servant's cause, O God,
  To thy decision take.

PSALM XXXVI. L. M.

VER. 5, 6, 7, 9 10.

But, Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope
  Above the heav'nly orbs ascends:
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
  Beyond the spreading sky extends.

Thy justice like the hills remains ;
  Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are :
Thy providence the world sustains ;
  The whole creation is thy care.

Since of thy goodness all partake,
  With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
  And saints to thy protection trust !

With thee the springs of life remain ;
  Thy presence is eternal day :
O let thy saints thy favour gain ;
  To upright hearts thy truth display.

PSALM XXXVII. PART 1. P. M.

VER. 1 2, 3 4, 5 6.

Though wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state
  Thy anger and thy envy raise :
For they, cut down like tender grass,
Or like young flow'rs, away shall pass,
  Where blooming beauty soon decays.

Depend on God, and him obey :
So thou within the land shall stay,
  Secure from danger and from want ;
Make his commands thy chief delight,
And he, thy duty to requite,
  Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford
To perfect every just design;
He'll make, like light serene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
And as a mid-day sun to shine.

PSALM XXXVII. Part 2. C. M.

Ver. 23 24, 27 28.

The good man's way is God's delight,
He orders all the steps aright
Of him that moves by his command:
Though he sometimes may be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
For God upholds him with his hand.

Observe the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are,
Their roughest days in peace shall end;
While on the latter end of those,
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.

PSALM XXXVIII. C. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 10 11, 21 22.

Thy chast'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all;
Nor let at once on me the storm
Of thy displeasure fall.

In every wretched part of me
Thy arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight
I can no more sustain.

My heart's oppress'd, my strength de-
My eyes deprived of light; [cay'd,
Friends, lovers, kinsmen, gaze aloof
On such a dismal sight.

Forsake me not, O Lord, my God;
Nor far from me depart;
Make haste to my relief, O thou,
Who my salvation art.

PSALM XL. L. M.

VER. 1, 5, 6, 7 8.

I waited meekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply;
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heav'n my humble cry.

Who can the wondrous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us has wrought,
The treasures of thy love surmount
The pow'r of numbers, speech and thought.

I've learnt that thou hast not desir'd
Off'rings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd
For man's transgression to atone.

I therefore come—come to fulfil
The oracles thy books impart;
'Tis my delight to do thy will;
Thy law is written in my heart.

PSALM XLI. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 13.

Happy the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress'd;
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

The Lord, his life, with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.

If he in languishing estate
Oppress'd with sickness lie;
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

Let, therefore, Israel's Lord and God
From age to age be bless'd;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amens express'd.

PSALM XLII. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 5, 11.

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM XLIII. L. M.

Ver. 3, 4, 5. G. P.

Let me with light and truth be bless'd,
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.

Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God who is my only joy;
And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

Why then cast down, my soul, and why,
So much oppress'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

PSALM XLVI. P. M.

VER. 123, 45, 1011.

God is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press;
In him undaunted we'll confide:
Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
God dwells in Zion, whose fair tow'rs,
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

Submit to God's almighty sway,
For him the heathen shall obey.
And earth her Sovereign Lord confess;
The God of Hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

PSALM XLVII. L. M.

VER. 1 2, 5 6, 7 8. G. P.

O all ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty pow'r withstands
Of God the universal King.

God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy and trumpets' sound:
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song go round.

Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For him who all the world commands,
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

PSALM XLVIII. C. M.

VER. 1, 10, 11, 14.

The Lord, the only God, is great,
And greatly to be prais'd
In Zion, on whose happy mount
His sacred throne is rais'd.

According to thy sov'reign name,
  Thy praise through earth extends:
Thy pow'rful arm, as justice guides,
  Chastises, or defends.

Let Zion's mount with joy resound,
  Her daughters all be taught,
In songs, his judgments to extol,
  Who this deliv'rance wrought.

This God is ours, and will be ours,
  Whilst we in him confide:
Who, as he has preserv'd us now,
  Till death will be our guide.

PSALM L. P. M.

VER. $\overset{\frown}{1\,2}$, $\overset{\frown}{3\,4}$, $\overset{\frown}{22\,23}$.

The Lord hath spoke, the almighty God
Hath sent his summons all abroad,
  From dawning light till day declines;
The list'ning earth his voice has heard,
And he from Zion hath appear'd,
  Where beauty and perfection shines.

Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstrued silence as before;
  But wasting flames before him send:
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
While he does heav'n and earth engage
  His just tribunal to attend.

Mark this, ye wicked fools, lest I
Let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
  Whilst none shall dare your cause to own.
Who praises me, due honour gives;
And to the man that justly lives
  My strong salvation shall be shown.

PSALM LI. Part 1. S. M.

Ver. 1, 4, 5, 9 10.

  Have mercy, Lord, on me,
    As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
    Thy wonted mercy find.

  Against thee, Lord, alone,
    And only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd, and though condemn'd,
    Must own thy judgment right.

  In guilt each part was form'd
    Of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
    The heir of sin and shame.

  Blot out my crying sins,
    Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
    An upright mind renew.

PSALM LI. Part 2. S. M.

Ver. 11, 12, 13, 15.

Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

The joy thy favour gives,
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart;
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.

Do thou unlock my lips,
With sorrow clos'd and shame:
So shall my mouth thy wondrous praise
To all the world proclaim.

PSALM LI. Part 3. S. M.

Ver. 11, 12, 16, 17.

Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

The joy thy favour gives,
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

Could sacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds should die;
But on such off'rings thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious eye.

A broken spirit is
By God most highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite heart
Shall never be despis'd.

PSALM LVI. C. M.

VER. 4, 10, 11 12, 13, 14.

God's faithful promise I will praise,
On which I now rely;
In God I trust, and trusting him,
The arm of flesh defy.

I'll trust God's word, and so despise
The force that man can raise;
To thee, O God, my vows are due,
To thee I'll render praise.

Thou hast retrieved my soul from death,
And thou wilt still secure
The life thou hast so oft preserved,
And make my footsteps sure.

That thus, protected by thy pow'r,
I may this light enjoy,
And in the service of my God
My lengthened days employ.

PSALM LVII. Part 1. L. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 5.

Thy mercy, Lord, to me extend,
On thy protection I depend,
And to thy wings for shelter haste,
Till this outrageous storm be past.

To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou sov'reign judge, and God Most High,
Who wonders hast for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy work undone.

From heav'n protect me by thine arm,
And shame all those who seek my harm;
To my relief thy mercy send
And truth, on which my hopes depend.

Be thou, O God! exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM LVII. Part 2. L. M.

Ver. 7, 8, 9, 10 11.

O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present,
And, with my heart, my voice I 'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake, my glory, harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute,
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round:
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

PSALM LXII. L. M.

VER. 1 2, 7, 8, 12.

My soul for help on God relies,
From him alone my safety flows:
My rock, my health, that strength supplies,
To bear the shock of all my foes.

God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send;
He is my fortress and defence;
On him my soul shall still depend.

In him, ye people, always trust,
Before his throne pour out your hearts;
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

Though mercy is his darling grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight,
Yet will he all the human race,
According to their works requite.

PSALM LXIII. P. M.

VER. 1, $\overset{\frown}{4}\,5$, $\overset{\frown}{6}\,7$.

O God! my gracious God! to thee
My morning prayers shall offer'd be;
For thee my thirsty soul does pant;
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore his name:
My soul's content shall be as great
As theirs who choichest dainties eat,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
And when I wake in dead of night:
Because thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM LXV. L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

For thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promis'd altars there we 'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

O thou, who to my humble pray'r
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins (though numberless) in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson die.

Bless'd is the man, who near thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
Whilst we at humbe distance taste
The vast delight thy temple gives.

PSALM LXVI. PART 1. C. M.

VER. $\overset{\frown}{1\,2}$, 4, 5, $\overset{\frown}{8\,9}$.

Let all the lands with shouts of joy
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.

Through all the earth, the nations round
Shall thee their God confess;
And with glad hymns their awful dread
Of thy great name express.

O come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you 'll own,
That he to all the sons of men
Hath wondrous judgment shown.

O, all ye nations, bless our God,
And loudly speak his praise;
Who keeps our souls alive, and still
Confirms our steadfast ways.

PSALM LXVI. Part 2. C. M.

Ver. 16, 17 18, 19, 20.

O come, all ye that fear the Lord,
Attend with heedful care;
Whilst I, what God for me hast done,
With grateful joy declare.

As I before his aid implor'd,
So now I praise his name,
Who, if my heart had harbour'd sin,
Would all my pray'rs disclaim.

But God to me, whene'er I cried,
His gracious ear did bend;
And to the voice of my request
With constant love attend.

Then bless'd for ever be my God,
  Who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my soul,
  Nor turns his face away.

PSALM LXVII. S. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4.

To bless thy chosen race,
  In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face
  On all thy saints to shine.

That so thy wondrous ways
  May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
  And thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
  To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
  To praise thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing
  With joy and pious mirth,
For thou, the righteous judge and king,
  Shalt govern all the earth.

PSALM LXVIII. L. M.

Ver. 4, 17, 18.

To him your voice in anthems raise,
  Jehovah's awful name he bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
  Who rides upon high rolling spheres.

His chariots numberless, his pow'rs
  Are heav'nly hosts that wait his will;
His presence now fills Zion's tow'rs,
  As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.

Ascending high, in triumph thou
  Captivity has captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow
  The spoil of armies once their dread.

Ev'n rebels shall partake thy grace,
  And humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place,
  And all the world pay homage there.

PSALM LXIX. L. M.

VER. 1 2, 3, 20, 21.

Save me, O God! from waves that roll,
And press to overwhelm my soul:
With painful steps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'erflow my head.

With restless cries my spirits faint,
My voice is hoarse with long complaint;
My sight decays with tedious pain,
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.

Reproach and grief have broke my heart;
I look'd for some to take my part—
To pity, or relieve my pain—
But look'd (alas!) for both in vain!

With hunger pin'd, for food I call,
Instead of food they give me gall;
And when with thirst my spirits sink,
They give me vinegar to drink.

PSALM LXX. L. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4.

O Lord, to my relief draw near,
For never was more pressing need;
For my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliv'rance speed.

Confusion on their heads return,
Who to destroy my soul combine;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Ensnar'd in their own vile design.

Their doom let desolation be,
With shame their malice be repaid,
Who mock my confidence in thee,
And sport of my afflictions made.

While those who humbly seek thy face,
To joyful triumph shall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy saving grace,
With me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd.

SALM LXXI. Part 1. C. M.

Ver. 1 2, 3, 4 5, 23.

In thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame;
Incline thine ear and save my soul,
For righteous is thy name.

Be thou my strong abiding place,
To which I may resort;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe;
Thou art my rock and fort.

From cruel and ungodly men
Protect and set me free;
For, from my earliest youth till now,
My hope has been in thee.

Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful soul by thee redeem'd,
Shall in thy strength rejoice.

PSALM LXXI. Part 2. C. M.

Ver. 1 2, 22, 23, 24.

In thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame;
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy name.

Therefore with psaltery and harp
  Thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise:
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
  My voice in anthems raise.

Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
  Employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful soul, by thee redeem'd,
  Shall in thy strength rejoice.

My tongue thy just and righteous acts
  Shall all the day proclaim;
Because thou didst confound my foes,
  And brought'st them all to shame.

PSALM LXXIII. L. M.

Ver. 25, 26, 27, 28.

Whom then, in heav'n, but thee alone,
  Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none
  That I besides thee can desire.

My trembling flesh and aching heart
  May often fail to succour me,
But God shall inward strength impart,
  And my eternal portion be.

For they that far from thee remove,
  Shall into sudden ruin fall;
If after other gods they rove,
  Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

But as for me, 'tis good and just
That I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wondrous works declare.

PSALM LXXVII. C. M.

Ver. 7 8, 9, 10, 11 12.

Has God for ever cast me off?
Withdrawn his favour quite?
Are both his mercy and his truth
Retir'd to endless night?

Can his long practis'd love forget
Its wonted aid to bring?
Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd
His mercy's healing spring?

I said my weakness hints these fears;
But I'll my fears disband:
I'll yet remember the Most High,
And years of his right hand.

I'll call to mind his works of old,
The wonders of his might;
On them my heart shall meditate,
My tongue shall them recite.

PSALM LXXVIII. C. M.

VER. 4, 5, 6, 7.

We will not hide them from our sons,
  Our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength
  Has works of wonder wrought.

For Jacob he this law ordain'd,
  This league with Israel made,
With charge to be from age to age,
  From race to race convey'd.

That generations yet to come
  Should to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
  And they again to theirs.

To teach them, that in God alone
  Their hope securely stands;
That they should ne'er his works forget,
  But keep his just commands.

PSALM LXXIX. C. M.

VER. 5, 8, 9, 13.

How long wilt thou be angry, Lord?
  Must we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring, jealous rage,
  Like fire for ever burn?

O think not of our former sins,
But speedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy saints,
Almost with sorrow spent.

Thou, God of our salvation, help,
And free our souls from blame;
So shall our pardon and defence
Exalt thy glorious name.

So we, thy people, and thy flock,
Shall ever praise thy name;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
From age to age proclaim.

PSALM LXXXIV. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 5, 7.

O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy bless'd abode:
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

Thrice happy they whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead.

Thus they proceed from strength to strength
And still approach more near,
Till all on Zion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

PSALM LXXXV. Part 1. C. M.

Ver. 4, 5 6, 7, 8.

O God, our Saviour, all our hearts
To thy obedience turn;
That, quenched with our repenting tears,
Thy wrath no more may burn.

For why shouldst thou be angry still,
And wrath so long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
Thy wonted comfort gain.

Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,
Which we have long implor'd;
And for thy wondrous mercy sake,
Thy wonted aid afford.

God's answer patiently I'll wait,
For he, with glad success,
(If they no more to folly turn,)
His mourning saints will bless.

PSALM LXXXV. Part 2. C. M.

Ver. 9, 10, 11 12, 18.

To all that fear God's holy name
His sure salvation's near:
And in its former happy state
Our nation shall appear.

For mercy now with truth is join'd,
Whilst righteousness and peace,
Like kind companions absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.

Truth from the earth shall spring whilst heav'n
Shall streams of justice pour;
And God, from whom all goodness flows,
Shall endless plenty show'r.

Before him righteousness shall march,
And his just paths prepare:
Whilst we his holy steps pursue
With constant zeal and care.

PSALM LXXXVI. Part 1. C. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 3 4, 5.

To my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, distress'd and destitute
Of all relief but thine!

Do thou, O God! preserve my soul,
That does thy name adore;
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.

To me who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
Refresh thy servants' soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.

Thou, Lord, art good—not only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.

PSALM LXXXVI. Part 2. C. M.

Ver. 8, 9, 10. G. P.

Among the gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they,
As are their works to thine.

Therefore, their great Creator, thee
The nations shall adore;
Their long misguided prayers and praise
To thy bless'd name restore.

All shall confess thee great, and great
The wonders thou hast done:
Confess thee God, the God supreme,
Confess thee God alone.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM LXXXVI. Part 3. C. M.

Ver. 11, 12, 13, 16.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
From truth shall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy sacred name
Devoutly fix my heart.

Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God!
Praise thee with heart sincere;
And to thy everlasting name
Eternal trophies rear.

Thy boundless mercy shown to me
Transcend my power to tell;
For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
From lowest depths of hell.

O bounteous Lord, thy grace and strength
To me, thy servant, show;
Thy kind protection, Lord, on me,
Thine handmaid's son, bestow.

PSALM LXXXIX. Part 1. L. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 5, 7.

Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never failing truth shall tell.

I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last;
Thy truth that does the heav'n sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

For such stupendous truth and love,
Both heaven and earth just praises owe;
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

With rev'rence and religious dread
His saints shall to his temple press;
His fear thro' all their hearts shall spread,
Who his almighty name confess.

PSALM LXXXIX. Part 2. L. M.

Ver. 13 14, 15, 16, 17 18.

Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign;
Possess'd of absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.

Happy, thrice happy they who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound;
Who may at festivals appear,
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.

Thy saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy sacred name rely;
And, in thy righteousness employ'd,
Above their foes be rais'd on high.

For in thy strength they shall advance,
Whose conquests from thy favour spring;
The Lord of hosts is our defence,
And Israel's God our Israel's king.

PSALM XC. C. M.

VER. 1, 3, 4, 12.

O Lord, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word, return,
'Tis instantly obey'd.

For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
  Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
  May ever be inclin'd.

PSALM XCI. Part 1. P. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

He that has God his guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's shade
  Secure and undisturb'd abide.
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
  My God, in whom I will confide.

His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
  And from the noisome pestilence:
He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
  His truth shall be thy strong defence.

No terrors that surprise by night
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
  Nor deadly shafts that fly by day;
Nor plague of unknown rise, that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills
  That in the hottest seasons slay.

PSALM XCI. Part 2. P. M.

Ver. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

A thousand at thy side shall die,
At thy right hand ten thousands lie,
  While thy firm health untouch'd remains;
Thou only shalt look on and see
The wicked's dismal tragedy,
  And count the sinner's mournful gains.

Because (with well-placed confidence)
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
  And on the Highest dost rely;
Therefore no ills shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
  Any infectious plague draw nigh.

For he, throughout thy happy days
To keep thee safe in all thy ways
  Shall give his angels strict commands;
And they, lest thou shouldst chance to meet
With some rough stone to wound thy feet,
  Shall bear thee safely in their hands.

PSALM XCII. C. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 4. G. P.

How good and pleasant must it be
  To thank the Lord most high!
And with repeated hymns of praise
  His name to magnify!

With every morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate;
And of his constant truth each night
The glad effects repeat.

For through thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM XCIII. L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, $\overset{\frown}{4\,5}$.

With glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure :
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCIV. C. M.

Ver. 12, 13, 14. 22.

Blessed is the man whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise;
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.

This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress;
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.

For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

Thus my defence is firmly placed
In God, the Lord most high;
He is my rock, to which I may
For refuge always fly.

PSALM XCV. L. M.

Ver. 1, 2. 3, 6.

O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address in joyful songs
The praise that to his name belongs.

For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
A king superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there,
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our maker fall.

PSALM XCVII. L. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 10, 12.

Jehovah reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

Darkness and clouds of awful shade,
His dazzling glory shroud in state:
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And fix'd by his pavilion, wait.

You who, to serve the Lord, aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem;
He'll keep his servants' soul entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord:
Memorials of his holiness,
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALM XCVIII. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Sing to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous works has done;
With his right hand and holy arm
The conquest he has won.

The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathens' sight.

Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been:
Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r
Of Israel's God have seen.

Let, therefore, earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all, with universal joy,
Resound their Maker's praise.

PSALM C. L. M.

VER. 1 2, 3, 4, 5.

With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM CII. L. M.

Ver. 25, 26, 27, 28.

The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beautious arch of heav'n
With wondrous skill have made.

Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away;
And, and like a garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
To thy command they bend:
But thou continu'st still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.

Thou to the children of thy saints
  Shalt lasting quiet give,
Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
  Shall in thy presence live.

PSALM CIII. Part 1. L. M.

Ver. 1 2, 3 4, 8, 9 10.

My soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
  God's holy name for ever bless,
Of all his favours mindful prove,
  And still thy grateful thanks express.

'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
  And after sickness makes thee sound;
From dangers he thy life retrieves,
  By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

The Lord abounds with tender love,
  And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
  His willing mercy flows apace.

God will not always harshly chide,
  But with his anger quickly part;
He loves his punishments to guide
  More by his love than our desert.

PSALM CIII. Part 2. P. M.

Ver. 8, 9 10, 11, 12 13.

The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace,
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
He loves his punishment to guide
More by his love than our desert.

As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins remov'd;
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear him always lov'd.

PSALM CIV. Part 1 L. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Bless God, my soul; thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds:
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.

God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariot are, and storms
The swift-winged steeds with which he flies.

As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heav'n's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assign'd:
All proud to serve their sov'reign's will.

PSALM CIV. Part 2. L. M.

Ver. 1, 24, 33 34, 35.

Bless God, my soul, thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds;
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

How various, Lord, thy works are found,
For which thy wisdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

In praising God, while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ:
And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere, as is in him my joy.

While sinners from earth's face are hurl'd,
My soul, praise thou his holy name;
Till with my song the list'ning world
Join concert, and his praise proclaim.

PSALM CV. C. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4.

O render thanks, and bless the Lord;
Invoke his sacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in his Almighty name,
Alone to be adored:
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore:
And, where he 's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

PSALM CVI. L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right, not only so,
But always practice what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

PSALM CVIII. C. M.

VER. 1, 3, 4, 5.

O God, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell.

Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame:
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

PSALM CXI. L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Praise ye the Lord; our God to praise
My soul her utmost pow'r shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

His works for greatness though renown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth confirm'd through ages past
Shall to eternal ages last.

By precepts he has us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind,
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

PSALM CXII. L. M.

VER. 1 2, 4, 6, 7.

That man is bless'd who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.

The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart, that fix'd on God relies;
On safety's rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies.

PSALM CXIII. P. M.

VER. 1 2 3, 4 5, 6.

Ye saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record:
His sacred name for ever bless.
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

God through the world extends his sway:
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are.
With him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care.
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

PSALM CXVI. C. M.

VER. 5 6, 7, 8, 9.

How just and merciful is God!
How gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely aid afford.

Then, free from pensive cares, my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest;
For God has wondrously to thee
His bounteous love express'd.

When death alarm'd me, he removed
My dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling he secured,
And dried my eyes from tears.

Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I in praises to his name,
And in his service spend.

PSALM CXVII. C. M.

VER. 1, 2. G. P.

With cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raise;
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM CXVIII. C. M.

VER. 1 2, 3 4, 8 9, 16.

O praise the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay;
That his kind favours ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.

Their sense of his eternal love
Let Aaron's house express;
And, that it never fails, let all
That fear the Lord confess.

For better 'tis to trust in God,
And have the Lord our friend,
Than on greatest human pow'r
For safety to depend.

He, by his own resistless pow'r,
Has endless honour won;
The saving strength of his right hand
Amazing works has done.

PSALM CXIX. PART 1. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 5, 8.

How bless'd are they, who always keep
The pure and perfect way!
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!

How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been!
And have with fervent, humble zeal,
His favours sought to win.

O then, that thy most holy will,
Might o'er my ways preside!
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide.

So to thy sacred laws shall I
All due observance pay:
O then forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away.

PSALM CXIX. Part 2. C. M.

Ver. 17, 18, 19, 24.

Be gracious to thy servant, Lord,
Do thou my life defend,
That I according, to thy word,
My future time may spend.

Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wondrous things which they behold,
Who thy just precepts learn.

Though like a stranger in the land,
From place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight
Remove not thou away.

For thy commands have always been
My comfort and delight;
By them I learn, with prudent care,
To guide my steps aright.

PSALM CXIX. Part 3. C. M.

Ver. 33, 34, 35, 37.

Instruct me in thy statutes Lord,
Thy righteous paths display;
And I from them through all my life,
Will never go astray.

If thou, true wisdom from above,
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread

From those vain objects turn my eyes,
Which this false world displays;
But give me lively power and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.

PSALM CXIX. Part 4. C. M.

Ver. 89, 90, 91, 92.

For ever and for ever, Lord,
Unchanged thou dost remain;
Thy word establish'd in the heav'ns
Does all their orbs sustain.

Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
  Immoveable shall stand,
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st
  By thy almighty hand.

All things the course by thee ordain'd
  E'en to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful subjects all,
  And servants of thy will.

Unless thy sacred law had been
  My comfort and delight,
I must have fainted and expir'd
  In dark affliction's night.

PSALM CXIX. Part 5. C. M.

Ver. 132, 133, 134, 135.

With favour, Lord, look down on me,
  Who thy relief implore:
As thou art wont to visit those
  Who thy blest name adore.

Directed by thy heav'nly word
  Let all my footsteps be;
Nor wickedness of any kind
  Dominion have o'er me.

Release, entirely set me free
  From persecuting hands,
That unmolested I may learn
  And practise thy commands.

On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine:
Thy statutes both to know and keep,
My heart with zeal incline.

PSALM CXIX. Part 6. C. M.

Ver. 137, 142, 143, 144.

Thou art the righteous judge, in whom
Wronged innocence may trust;
And like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,
In all respects are just.

Thy righteousness shall then endure,
When time itself is past:
Thy law is truth itself, that truth
Which shall for ever last.

Though trouble, anguish, doubts and dread,
To compass me unite,
Beset with danger, still I make
Thy precepts my delight.

Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give:
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

PSALM CXXI. C. M.

VER. $\overset{\frown}{1\,2}$, $\overset{\frown}{3\,4}$, $\overset{\frown}{5\,6}$, 9.

To Zion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid:
From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.

Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care that Israel guards,
Will Israel's monarch keep.

Sheltered beneath th' Almighty wings
Thou shalt securely rest;
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXII. C. M.

VER 1, 4, 6, 7.

O 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.

'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His name with praise and pray'r

O pray we then for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God!
Who bear true love to thee.

May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.

PSALM CXXV. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 4, 5.

Who place on Zion's God their trust,
Like Zion's rock shall stand,
Like her immoveable be fix'd
By his almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.

Be good, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous deeds affect;
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.

All those who walk in crooked paths,
The Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

PSALM CXXVII. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3. G. P.

We build with fruitless cost, unless
The Lord the pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keep
The watchman wakes in vain.

In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labours with success,
Their nights with sound repose.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM CXXX. S. M.

VER. $\overset{\frown}{1\,2}$, $\overset{\frown}{3\,4}$, 5, 7.

From lowest depths of woe,
To God I send my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

Shouldst thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'st lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord:
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows,
The plenteous source and spring from [whence
Eternal succour flows.

PSALM CXXXIII. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

How vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasures prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love!

True love is like that precious oil,
  Which poured on Aaron's head
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
  Its costly moisture shed.

'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
  On Hermon's top distil;
Or like the early drops that fall
  On Zion's fruitful hill.

For Zion is the chosen seat,
  Where the Almighty King
The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,
  And life's eternal spring.

PSALM CXXXVI. P. M.

VER. 1, 2 3, 25, 26.

To God, the mighty Lord,
  Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
  As good as he is great:
    For God does prove
      Our constant friend,
    His boundless love
      Shall never end.

To him whose wondrous pow'r
  All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
  This grateful homage pay.
    For God does prove, &c., &c.

He does the food supply
On which all creatures live:
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give.
For God will prove, &c., &c.

PSALM CXXXVII.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

When we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thought oppress,
And Zion was our mournful theme.

Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that wither'd there.

Meanwhile our foes, who all conspir'd
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us requir'd;
Come sing us one of Zion's songs.

How shall we tune our voice to sing?
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

O Salem, our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move!

PSALM CXXXIII. C. M.

VER. 1, 3, 6, 7.

With my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praise I will proclaim;
Before the gods with joy I'll sing,
And bless thy holy name.

Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear,
When I to thee did cry;
And when my soul was press'd with fear,
Didst inward strength supply.

For God, although enthroned on high,
Does thence the poor respect;
The proud, far off, his scornful eye
Beholds with just neglect.

Though I with troubles am oppress'd
He shall my foes disarm,
Relieve my soul, when most distress'd,
And keep me safe from harm.

PSALM CXXXIX. L. M.

VER. $\overset{\frown}{1\ 2}$, $\overset{\frown}{3\ 4}$, $\overset{\frown}{5\ 6}$, $\overset{\frown}{23\ 24}$.

Thou, Lord, by strictest search has known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways:
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
O skill for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXLII. S. M.

VER. 1 2, 4, 5, 6.

To God, with mournful voice,
In deep distress I pray'd;
Made him the umpire of my cause,
My wrongs before him laid.

I look'd, but found no friend,
To own me in distress;
All refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd
His pity or redress.

To God, at last, I pray'd;
Thou, Lord, my refuge art,
My portion in the land of life,
Till life itself depart.

Reduc'd to greatest straits,
To thee I make my moan;
O save me from oppressing foes,
For me too pow'rful grown.

PSALM CXLIII. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 8, 11.

Lord, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth
A gracious answer send.

Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried;
For in thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.

Thy kindness early let me hear,
Whose trust on thee depends:
Teach me the way where I should go:
My soul to thee ascends.

O, for the sake of thy great name
Revive my drooping heart:
For thy truth's sake, to me distress'd
Thy promis'd aid impart.

PSALM CXLV. C. M.

VER. 1 2, 3, 4, 5 6.

Thee I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim:
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare, art great,
And highly to be prais'd:
Thy majesty with boundless height,
Above our know ge rais'd.

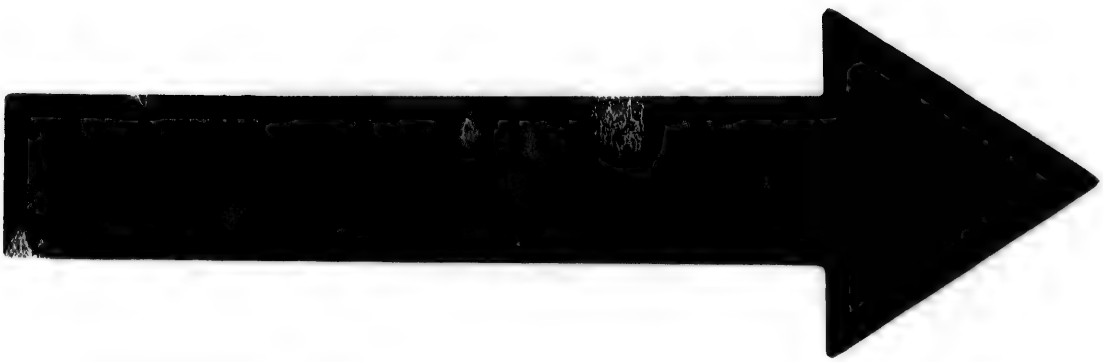
Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future times extends:
From age to age thy glorious name
Successively descends.

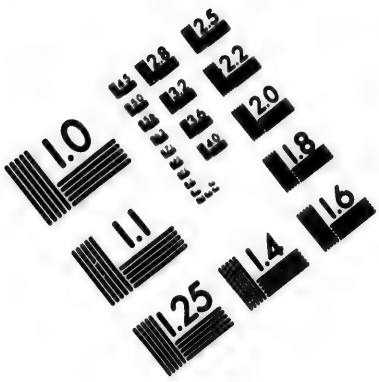
Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wondrous works express:
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great pow'r confess.

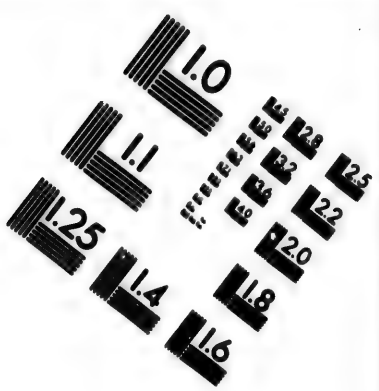
PSALM CXLVI. C. M.

VER. 6, 7, 8, 10.

The Lord who made both heav'n and earth
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.







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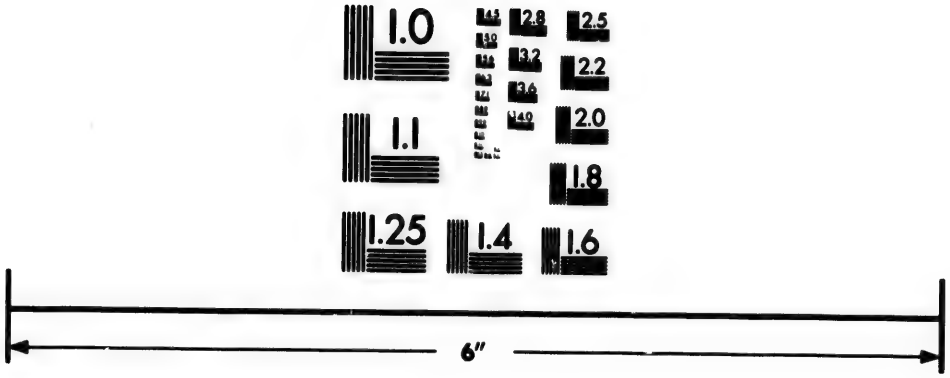

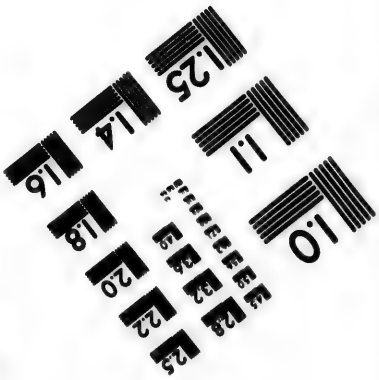

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The poor, oppress'd from all their wrong
  Are eased by his decree:
He gives the hungry needful food,
  And sets the pris'ners free.

By him the blind receive their sight,
  The weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love
  He for the righteous cares.

The God that does in Zion dwell,
  Is our eternal king;
From age to age his reign endures;
  Let all his praises sing.

PSALM CXLVII. C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3 4, 5 6, 7

O praise the Lord with hymns of joy,
  And celebrate his fame;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
  To praise his holy name.

He kindly heals the broken hearts,
  And all their wounds doth close;
He tells the number of the stars,
  Their sev'ral names he knows.

Great is the Lord and great his pow'r,
  His wisdom has no bound:
The meek he raises, but throws down
  The wicked to the ground.

To God, the Lord, a hymn of praise
With grateful voices sing;
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each warbling string.

PSALM CXLVIII. P. M.

VER. $\overset{\frown}{1\,2}$, $\overset{\frown}{3\,4}$, $\overset{\frown}{5\,6}$.

Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.
Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay;
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.
Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last,
From changes free:
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

PSALM CXLIX. C. M.

VER. 1 2, 3 4, 5 6.

O praise ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing.
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice,
And children of Zion
Be glad in their King.

Let them his great name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.

With glory adorn'd
His people shall sing
To God who their beds
With safety doth shield;
Their mouths fill'd with praises
Of him, their great King,
Whilst a two-edged sword
Their right hand shall wield.

PSALM CL. L. M.

Ver. 1, 2, 5, 6.

O praise the Lord in that bless'd place,
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heav'n where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf hath done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

Let them, who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

DOXOLOGIES.

1.—Common Measure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

2.—Double Common Measure.

To God our benefactor bring
The tribute of your praise,
Too small for an Almighty King,
But all that we can raise.
Glory to Thee, blest Three in One,
The God whom we adore,
As it was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more.

3.—As 104th Psalm.

By angels in heav'n of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth, all praise be address'd
To God in three persons, one God ever bless'd
As it has been, now is, and always shall be.

4.—Long Measure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n and earth adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now and shall be evermore.

5.—Another Long Measure.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

6.—Peculiar Measure. Psalm 113.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
And suff'ring saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more.

7.—Short Measure.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,
To all eternity.

HYMN 1. C. M.

First Sunday in Advent.

Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let every heart exult in praise,
And every voice in song.

He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him break,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye, oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And with the riches of his grace,
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy most honour'd name.

HYMN II. P. M.

Second Sunday in Advent.

Lo, he comes! in clouds descending,
Once for guilty sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

Every eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Blest redemption, long expected,
  See! his solemn pomp to share,
All his saints, by men rejected,
  Rise to meet him in the air.
    Hallelujah!
  See! the Son of God is there.

Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
  High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour! take the pow'r and glory,
  Make thy righteous sentence known.
    O come quickly,
  Claim the kingdom for thine own.

HYMN III. L. M.

Third Sunday in Advent.

  Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife
  On Jesus let us fix our eyes—
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

  To do his heav'nly father's will
Was his employment and delight;
  Humanity and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

  Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
  If then we love our Saviour's name,
Let us his bright example move.

But ah, how blind, how weak we are;
How frail, how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy spirit for our guide.

HYMN IV. P. M.

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars and light.

Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance hath he made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

HYMN V. P. M.

Christmas Day.

Hark, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born king,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king.

Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb;
Hail th' incarnate Deity;
Pleas'd as man with man t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here,
Hark, the herald angels sing, &c.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark, the herald angels sing, &c.

HYMN VI. C. M.

Christmas Day.

High let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng,
For angels no such love have known,
To awake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For lo! the incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heav'n.

Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
"To us a child is born."

Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest words be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns?
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains.

HYMN VII. C. M.

Christmas Day.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
  Had seiz'd their troubled mind),
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
  To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day
  Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
  And this shall be the sign:

The heavenly babe you there shall find
  To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
  And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
  Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
  Address'd their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
  And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
  Begin, and never cease."

HYMN VIII. C. M.

First Sunday after Christmas.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
  My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
  In wonder, love and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll proclaim;
And, after death, in distant worlds
Resume the glorious theme.

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN IX. L. M.

Second Sunday after Christmas.

The God of life, whose constant care
With blessings crowns each op'ning year,
My scanty span doth still prolong,
And wakes anew my annual song.

How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since last the still revolving sun
Began his yearly course to run.

We yet survive; but who can say,
"Or through this year, or month, or day,
"I shall retain this vital breath,
"Thus far, at least, in league with death."

That breath is thine, eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;
It holds its life from thee alone
On earth, or in the world unknown.

To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as thine,
And land them on that happy shore,
Where years and death are known no more.

HYMN X. L. M.

Epiphany.

O God, who by thy star didst lead
Th' adoring Gentiles on their way
To him, whose wondrous birth has freed
Mankind from death, wherein they lay;

Teach us, O Lord, to know and feel
The good which from thy mercy flows:
That we to others may reveal
The tale, and all thy love disclose.

Lord, what is man, that in thy mind
His humble lot should have a share?
Or what his sons, that thus they find
Their wants the object of thy care?

All that a grateful heart can give,
  Is poor to what thy love demands!
Yet, Lord, accept us while we strive
  To obey in fear thy blest commands.

HYMN XI. S. M.

How beauteous are their feet
  Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
  And words of peace reveal!

How charming is their voice!
  How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-king,
  "He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears,
  That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for
  And sought, but never found.

How blessed are our eyes,
  That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
  But died without the sight.

The Lord makes known his name
  Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
  Their Saviour and their God!

HYMN XII. L. M.

The Lord shall reign, where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdoms stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To him shall fervent pray'r be made,
And princes throng to crown his head:
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue,
Shall hail his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps, now free from chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our king;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeats the loud Amen.

HYMN XIII. C. M.

O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy fost'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease;
And at thine ever blest abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God
And portion evermore.

HYMN XIV. C. M.

The angel comes, he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord,
O'er all the earth with fatal sweep
Wide waves his flaming sword.

And who are they, sheaves t' abide
The fire of vengeance bound?
The tares, whose luxuriant pride
Choked the fair crop around.

And who are they, reserved in store
God's treasure-house to fill?
The wheat, a hundred-fold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.

O King of Mercy, grant us pow'r
Thy fiery wrath to flee!
In thy destroying-angel's hour,
O gather us to thee!

HYMN XV. L. M.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

HYMN XVI. P. M.

O God! by whom the seed is giv'n;
By whom the harvest blest; [heav'n,
Whose word, like manna shower'd from
Is planted in our breast.

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plund'rers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care!

Though buried deep or thinly strewn,
Do you thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky!

HYMN XVII. P. M.

Welcome news the gospel brings,
Welcome news from heav'n above;
Tidings from the King of kings,
Tidings full of grace and love;

O ye sons of men, give ear!
Listen to "the joyful sound,"
Better news ye cannot hear:
In the gospel truth is found;

Truth, that makes the simple wise:
Truth, on which the hungry feed;
Truth, the minister of joys;
Truth, that makes us free indeed.

Welcome news the gospel brings,
  Welcome to the poor and vile;
Gladden'd by these glorious things,
  Guilt and poverty may smile.

HYMN XVIII. P. C.

Ash Wednesday.

O Lord! turn not thy face away
  From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
  With tears and bitter cry.

Thy mercy-gates are open wide
  To them that mourn their sin;
O! shut them not against us, Lord,
  But let us enter in.

O Lord! thou know'st what things be past,
  Also the things that be;
Thou know'st also what is to come,
  Nothing is hid from thee.

Lord to thy mercy seat we come,
  Where mercy doth abound,
Desiring mercy for our sins,
  To heal our souls' deep wound.

O Lord! we need not to repeat
  What we do beg and crave;
For thou dost know before we ask
  The thing that we should have.

Mercy, O Lord! mercy we seek,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer,
O! let thy mercy come.

HYMN XIX. C. M.

When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O! how shall I appear?

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O! how shall I appear?

Lord, see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans
To give those sorrows weight!

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure;
Who knows thine only son has died
To make her pardon sure.

HYMN XX. C. M.

Oh, help us, Lord! each hour of need
  Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word and deed,
  Each hour on earth we live.

Oh, help us when our spirits bleed
  With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
  Oh, help us, Lord, the more.

Oh, help us through the prayer of faith
  More firmly to believe;
For still the more thy servant hath
  The more shall he receive.

Oh. help us, Jesus! from on high,
  We know no help but thee;
Oh, help us so to live and die,
  As thine in heaven to be.

HYMN XXI. L. M.

O thou, to whose all searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it looks to thee,
O burst its bonds and set it free!

Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

Saviour! where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

HYMN XXII. C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place:
My never-failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
  Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
  And I am own'd a child.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
  My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
  Accept the praise I bring.

HYMN XXIII. L. M.

O thou, whom neither time nor space
  Can circle in, unseen, unknown,
Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,
  Save through thy spirit and thy soul!

And thou, that from thy bright abode,
  To us in mortal weakness shown,
Didst graft the manhood into God,
  Eternal, co-eternal Son!

And thou, whose unction from on high
  By comfort, light, and love is known!
Who, with the parent Deity,
  Dread Spirit! art for ever one!

Great First and Last! Thy blessings give!
  And grant us faith, thy gift alone,
To love and praise thee while we live,
  And do whate'er thou wouldst have done!

HYMN XXIV. C. M.

Dark was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down,
In agony he pray'd:

"Father, remove this bitter cup,
"If such thy sacred will;
"If not, content to drink it up,
"Thy pleasure I fulfil."

Go to the garden, sinner, see
Those precious drops that flow!
That heavy load he bore for thee—
For thee he lies so low.

HYMN XXV. L. M.

Good Friday.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the prince of glory died,
My richest rain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride,

Forbid it Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm'd me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Where the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

HYMN XXVI. P. M.

Easter.

Jesus Christ is risen to-day,—Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holiday,—Hallelujah!
Who so lately on the cross—Hallelujah!
Suffer'd to redeem our loss.—Hallelujah!

Hymns of praise then let us sing—Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our heav'nly king:-Hallelujah!
Who endur'd the cross and grave-Hallelujah
Sinners to redeem and save.—Hallelujah!

But the pains which he endur'd-Hallelujah!
Our salvation have procured;—Hallelujah!
Now he reigns above the sky,—Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever cry—Hallelujah!

HYMN XXVII. C. M.

The Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more:
The light which scatters all your fears,
Your rising God, adore!

The saints when he resigned his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.

Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He groans, he dies,—behold the man!
He lives; behold the God!

In vain the watch, the stone, the seal,
Forbid the Lord to rise!
He breaks the gates of death and hell,
And opens Paradise.

HYMN XXVIII. L. M.

Ye faithful souls who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiv'n,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your head, to heav'n.

There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting power to reign.

To him continually aspire,
Contending for your destined place;
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

HYMN XXIX. P. M.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscapes flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall feel no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pain beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN XXX. C. M.

God moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
  And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
  Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his great designs,
  And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
  The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
  In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
  But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
  He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
  Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste
  But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
  And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
  And he will make it plain.

HYMN XXXI. C. M.

Come, holy spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Come, holy spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN XXXI. C. M.

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely shed for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that reigns within.

A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

HYMN XXXIII. L. M.

Ascension Day.

Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors give way!"

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the king of glory in.

" Who is the king of glory ? who ?"
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

Lo ! his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
" Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !
Ye everlasting doors give way !

" Who is the king of glory ? who ?"
The Lord of boundless power possest ;
The king of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

HYMN XXXIV. C. M.

How glorious is the King to-day !
How glorious Israel's King !
With truth his people thus may say,
And well his praise may sing.

He makes his goodnees pass before
His wond'ring people's eyes ;
And feeds them with a boundless store
Of satisfying joys.

He meets them with a smiling face,
And with a father's voice ;
And bids them triumph in his grace,
And in his name rejoice.

Their praise with favour he receives,
And hearkens when they pray;
Forgives their sins, their wants relieves,
And leads them in the way.

To Israel's God be glory given,
The God whom saints adore,
On earth, and in the highest heav'n,
Both now and evermore.

HYMN XXXV. C M.

Whit Sunday.

Spirit of Truth! on this thy day
To the for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In scripture's sacred lore.

We neither have, nor seek the pow'r
Ill demons to control;
But thou, in dark temptation's hour,
Shalt chase them from the soul.

HYMN XXXVI. C. M.

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator! Come,
Inspire the souls of thine,
Till ev'ry heart which thou hast made,
Is filled with grace divine.

Thou art the comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love:
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

Enlighten our dark souls till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds (by nature frail)
With thy celestial grace.

Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within;
That by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son from death reviv'd;
And with them both, thee, Holy Ghost;
Who art from both deriv'd.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN XXXVII. L. M.

Trinity.

Father of Heav'n! whose love profound,
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.

Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quick'ning pow'r extend.

Jehovah! Father! Spirit! Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in one!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

HYMN XXXVIII. C. M.

When sinners utter boasting words,
And glory in their shame;
The Lord, well pleas'd, an ear affords
To those who fear his name.

They often meet to seek his face,
And what they do or say
Is noted in his book of grace
Against another day.

For they, by faith, a day descry.
And joyfully expect,
When he, descending from the sky,
His jewels will collect.

Unnoticed now, because unknown,
A poor and suff'ring few;
He comes to claim them for his own,
And bring them forth to view.

With transport then their Saviour's care
And favour they shall prove;
As tender parents guard and spare
The children of their love.

Assembled worlds will then discern
The saints alone are blest,
When wrath shall like an oven burn,
And vengeance strike the rest.

HYMN XXXIX. C. M.

Father of mercies! in thy word
What endless riches shine!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For knowledge thus divine!

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlastings joys
Attend the blissful sound.

O may those heav'nly pages be
My first, my chief delight!
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increase in light.

Divine Instructor! glorious Lord!
Be thou for ever near:
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN XL. C. M.

To thee, we come, our God to thee,
We come to seek thy face;
Before thy throne thy people see,
Before thy throne of grace.

We bring thy promise, and we plead
Thy mercy and thy name;
To our petitions, Lord give heed,
And put us not to shame.

Subdue the foes that are within,
Our mighty foes subdue:
O! break in us the pow'r of sin,
And make us, Lord, anew.

We know, in such a strife as this,
How vain are mortal pow'rs;
No strength but thine sufficient is
Against such foes as ours.

In us, thy pleasure, Lord, fulfil,
The work of faith and pow'r;
That we may do and love thy will,
Nor leave thee from this hour.

HYMN XLI. C. M.

Alas! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
Of these, my soul, be still appris'd,
And hourly watch and pray.

The world, the devil, and the flesh,
My feeble soul invade;
I find my own resistance vain,
Without my Saviour's aid.

Whene'er temptations would allure,
Or fill my heart with dread,
My God, thy pow'rful grace impart,
To help in time of need.

May fear of thee and dread of sin
My watchful soul possess:
And lively faith and joyful hope
My vigilance increase.

Help me to pray, and watch, and strive,
O bid the tempter flee!
And let me never, never stray,
From happiness and thee!

HYMN XLII. L. M.

Creator of the rolling flood!
On whom thy people hope alone;
Who cam'st by water and by blood,
For man's offences to atone.

We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Now send thy spirit from above;
We rest upon thy faithful word,
Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

Grant us, devoid of wordly care,
And leaning on thy bounteous hand,
To seek thy help in humble pray'r,
And on thy sacred rock to stand;

And when, our livelong toil to crown,
Thy call shall set the spirit free,
To cast with joy our burthen down,
And rise, O Lord, to follow thee.

HYMN XLIII. C. M.

How David, when by sin deceiv'd,
From bad to worse went on;
For when the holy Spirit's griev'd,
Our strength and guard are gone.

So from a spark of fire at first,
That has not been descried,
A dreadful flame has often burst,
And ravaged far and wide.

When sin deceives, it hardens too,
For though he vainly sought
To hide his crimes from public view,
Of God he little thought.

Let those who think they stand, beware,
For David stood before;
Nor let the fallen soul despair,
For mercy can restore.

HYMN XLIV. P. M

Jesus, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the temptest still is nigh;

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
O, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;

All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my hope from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

HYMN XLV. L. M.

What various hind'rances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there?

Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

Restraining prayer we cease to fight,
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

HYMN XLVI. C. M.

Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:

Whose heart expands with gen'rous warmth,
A stranger's woe to feel;
And weeps in pity o'er the wound
He wants the pow'r to heal.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy, from above,
Decend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

HYMN XLVII. P. M.

Saviour, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptur'd saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

By thy hand restor'd, defended,
Safe through life thus far I'm come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to thy heav'nly home.

HYMN XLVIII. C. M.

Almighty Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

I know the pow'r in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore, in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise
When time shall be no more.

HYMN XLIX. C. M.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With faith's enlightened eyes.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore!

HYMN L. L. M.

The law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails *but once;*
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

My soul, no more attempt to draw,
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hopes the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

HYMN LI. P. M.

Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,
  Pierce the cloud of sinful night;
Come thou source of sweetest gladness,
  Breathe thy life and spread thy light!

Come, thou best of all donations
  God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
  We need wish for nothing more.

Author of the new creation,
  On our souls thy graces shower;
Make our hearts thy habitation,
  Come with unction and with power.

Manifest thy love for ever,
  Fence us in on ev'ry side;
In distress be our reliever,
  Guard and teach, support and guide.

HYMN LII. P. M.

Lord, have mercy and remove us
  Early to thy place of rest,
Where the heav'ns are calm above us,
  And as calm each sainted breast!

Holiest, hear us! by the anguish
  On the cross thou didst endure,
Let no more our sad hearts languish
  In this weary world obscure!

Gracious! yet if our repentance
  Be not perfect and sincere,
Lord, suspend thy fatal sentence,
  Leave us still in sadness here!

Leave us, Saviour! till our spirit
  From each earthly taint is free;
Fit thy kingdom to inherit,
  Fit to take its rest with thee!

HYMN LIII. S. M.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
  And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
  Through his eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
  And in his mighty pow'r,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
  Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God:

That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your vict'ry won,
And stand complete at last.

HYMN LIV. S. M.

Blest is the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

When we at death must part,
How keen, how deep the pain!
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

HYMN LV. C. M.

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd;
How sweet their mem'ry still;
But now I feel an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN LVI. S. M.

Come ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly king,
Should speak their joys abroad.

The God of heav'n is ours,
Our father and our love;
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
Then waft our souls above.

There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're trav'lling thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN LVII. C. M.

With one consent let all the earth
The praise of God proclaim,
Who sent the Saviour, by whose birth
To man salvation came.

Let nations join to magnify
The great, the wondrous love
Of him, who left for us the sky,
And all the joys above.

But vainly thus in songs of praise
We bear a joyful part;
If, while our voice aloud we raise,
We lift not up the heart.

We, by a holy life alone,
Our Saviour's laws fulfil;
By them his glory best is shown,
Who best perform his will.

HYMN LVIII. L. M.

Morning.

Awake my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mispent moments past,
And live this day as if the last,
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear:
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
High glory to th' eternal King!

HYMN LIX. C. M.

Evening.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more active make,
To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN LX. L. M.

Sacrament.

My God, and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love e'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

Why are all its bounties all in vain,
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain!
Are you forbid the children's bread?

O, let thy table honour'd be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes

Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd;
With hearts inflam'd let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

HYMN LXI. P. M.

Sacrament.

Forgive, O Lord! our wand'rings past,
Henceforth we would obey thy call;
Our sins far from us let us cast,
And turn to thee devoutly all:
Then with Archangels we shall sing
Praise to heav'n's eternal King.

Hear us, O God! in mercy hear,
With sorrow we our guilt deplore;
Pity our anguish, calm our fear,
And give us grace to sin no more.
Then with archangels, &c.

While at yon altar's foot we kneel,
And of the holy rite partake;
Our pardon, Lord, vouchsafe to seal,
For Jesus our Redeemer's sake.
Then with archangels, &c.

HYMN LXII. L. M.

Funeral.

Oft as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepared, should I be call'd to die?"

Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

Thus leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal must I go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

My Saviour, help me now to flee
From future wrath by faith in thee;
That faith may holy deeds approve!
Faith else were vain, and vain thy love.

Thus, when the solemn bell I hear,
If freed from sin, I need not fear;
Nor would that thought distressing be,
"Perhaps it next may toll for me."

HYMN LXIII. C. M.

Funeral.

When youth and age are snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which friendship must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
With awful pow'r imprest,
May this dread truth, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

Let this vain world allure no more;
Behold the op'ning tomb;
It bids us use the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.

The voice of this instructive scene
May ev'ry heart obey!
Nor be thy faithful warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray!

O let us to that Saviour fly,
Whose arm alone can save;
Then shall our hope ascend on high,
And triumph o er his grave.

HYMN LXIV. C. M.

Funeral.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry—
"Ye living men, come, view the ground
"Where you must shortly lie.

"Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your tow'rs;
"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
"Must lie as low as ours."

Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downwards to the tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more?

Grant us the pow'er of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly:
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN LXV. L. M.

Ordination.

Father of mercies! bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest pray'r;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be.

How great their work! how vast their change!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy renovating power!

Let sinners break their massy chains,
And sorrowing hearts forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

HYMN LXVI. S. M.

Baptism.

The gentle Saviour calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

"Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
"The heirs of heav'n are such as these,
"For such as these I came."

Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee;
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

HYMN LXVII. C. M.

Confirmation.

Witness, ye men and angels, now;
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make a solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:

That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield:
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to pray'rs,
Turn thou our pray'rs to praise.

HYMN LXVIII. L. M.

For the Spread of the Gospel.

O! Spirit of the living God!
In all thy plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod
Descend upon our fallen race!

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word!
Give power and unction from above
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
The wide-spread earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptise the nations;—far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till ev'ry kindred call him Lord.

HYMN LXIX. C. M.

For the Spread of the Gospel.

On Zion, and on Lebanon,
On Carmel's blooming height,
On Sharon's fertile vales, once shone
The glory, pure and bright.

From thence its mild and cheering ray
Stream'd forth from land to land;
And empires now behold its day,
And still its beams expand.

Its brightest splendours, darting west,
Our happy shores illume;
Our farther regions, once unblest,
Now like a garden bloom.
But, ah! our deserts deep and wild,
See not this heav'nly light;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel the dreary night.

Thou, who didst lighten Zion's hill,
On Carmel who didst shine,
Our deserts let thy glory fill,
The excellence divine.

Like Lebanon, in tow'ring pride,
May all our forests smile;
And may our borders blossom wide,
Like Sharon's fruitful soil!

HYMN LXX. L. M.

On Laying the Foundation Stone of a Church or Chapel.

This stone to thee in faith we lay,
We build this temple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.

Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live;
Hear thou, in heav'n, thy dwelling place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive!

Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
Still by the pow'r of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

Hosanna to their heav'nly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let the angels sing,
And heav'n with earth the strain prolong.

But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide,—no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

That glory never hence depart!
Yet chose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to ev'ry heart,
In ev'ry bosom fix thy throne.

HYMN LXI. L. M.

Consecration, or Opening of a Church or Chapel.

And wilt thou, O eternal God,
On earth establish thine abode?
Then look propitious from thy throne,
And take this temple for thine own.

These walls we to thine honour raise,
Long may they echo to the praise!
And thou descending, fill the place
With the rich tokens of thy grace.

Here may our great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While pow'r divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

And in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were train'd for glory here.

HYMN LXXII. C. M.

Fast Day.

Almighty Lord! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy pard'ning grace alone
Our prostrate hopes depend.

Dark judgments from thy heavy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, be near.

HYMN LXXIII. C. M.

The New Year.

God of our life, thy various praise
  Let mortal voices sound!
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
  And brings the seasons round.

To thee shall annual incense rise,
  Our Father and our friend!
While annual mercies from the skies
  In genial streams descend.

In ev'ry scene of life thy care
  In ev'ry age we see:
And constant as thy favours are,
  So let our praises be.

Still may thy love in ev'ry scene,
  To ev'ry age appear;
And let the same compassion deign
  To bless the op'ning year.

HYMN LXXIV. L. M.

Family Prayer.

Father of all! whose watchful care
Our roof protects, from whom we share
A thousand gifts by thee ordain'd,
By thee from day to day sustain'd!

To thee, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd!
The Lord of heav'n vouchsafes to dwell
With pious hearts in lowly cell.

To thee, may each assembled house
Morning and night perform their vows;
Our babes and servants, old and young,
Learn what thy saints and prophets sung.

O may our latest race proclaim
Our great Redeemer's glorious name!
And may we, guided by thy love,
Join with thy family above.

HYMN LXXV. C. M.

Social Prayer.

O Lord, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust, thou art!
Send down a ray of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell,
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!

May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

ANTHEM I.

Cheshunt—DR. ARNOLD.

Our Lord is risen from the dead.

See Hymn 33.

ANTHEM II.

Erect your heads, eternal gates.

See Psalm 24, *part* 2.

ANTHEM II.—DR. CALLCOTT.

48*th Psalm*, 1*st*, 12*th*, 13*th Verses.*

Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised,
In the city of our God, in the mountain of his Holiness;
Walk about Zion, and go round about her,
Markwell her bulwarks, consider her palaces
That ye may tell it to the generation following. Amen, Amen.

ANTHEM IV.

18*th Psalm*, 9*th*, 10*th*, 11*th Verses.*

The Lord decended from above,
And bowed the heav'ns most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

He sat serene upon the clouds,
Their fury to restrain,
And he, as Sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

ANTHEM V.

29*th Psalm*, 2*nd*, 4*th*, 10*th*, 11*th Verses*.—KENT.

Give the Lord the honour due unto his name.
Worship the Lord with holy worship.
The voice of the Lord is a glorious voice.
The Lord sitteth above the water-floods.
And the Lord remaineth a King for ever.
The Lord shall give strength unto his people.
The Lord shall give his people the blessing of peace

Hallelujah, Amen.

ANTHEM VI.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth,
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty
Of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord.
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest, Amen.

ANTHEM VII.—G. A. Hasse.

1*st Chronicles*, 16*th Chap.*, 8*th*, 10*th Verses.*

Give thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name, make known his deeds among the people. Glory ye in his holy name, for his mercy endureth for ever.

ANTHEM VIII.

Oh how lovely is Zion. Zion, city of our God,
Joy and peace ever dwell in thee.

ANTHEM IX.—Mozart.

O! what beauty, Lord appears
In thy courts of holy praise;
Unto thee my heart aspires,
Unto thee my voice I raise.

ANTHEM X.

Wake the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea,
Now is come the promised hour,
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.

All the nations join and sing,
Christ of lords and kings is King,
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore.

Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join the voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings.

ANTHEM XI.

Isaiah, 49*th Chap.*, 13*th Verse.*—KENT.

Sing, O heav'ns, and be joyful O earth;
Break forth into singing, O mountains;
For the Lord hath comforted his people,
And will have mercy on his afflicted.

ANTHEM XII.

19*th Psalm*, 1*st*, 2*nd Verses.*—HAYDN.

The heavens are telling the glory of God;
The firmanent displays the wonder of his work;
The day that is coming speaks to the day
That is gone, the night to the following night.

ANTHEM XIII.

69*th Psalm* 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, *and* 30*th Verses.*—F. HERRING.

God of life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the friendless and the poor.

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse the mourner's plea?
Does not the world still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

Poor tho' I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
For he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

ANTHEM XIV.

Psalm 55, *Verses* 1, 4, *and* 6.—KENT.

Hear my prayer, O God, and hide not thyself from my petition.

My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death has fallen upon me.

Then I said, O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest.

ANTHEM XV.—T. CLARK.

Blessing for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched man;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say Amen.

ANTHEM XVI.—KENT.

Isaiah, 49*th Chapter*, 13*th*, 14*th Verses.*
" 55*th* " 7*th Verse.*

Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth;
Break forth into singing, O mountains;
The Lord hath comforted his people,
And will have mercy on his afflicted;
Let not Zion say, the Lord hath forsaken me, and the Lord hath forgotten me.

Return unto the Lord, and he will have
mercy upon you;
And to your God, for he will abundantly
pardon.
Therefore will the Lord wait, that he may
be gracious unto you;
And therefore will he be exalted, that he
may be gracious unto you;
Blessed are they that wait for his salvation.

ANTHEM XVII.

For Advent or Lent.—ATTWOOD.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant O Lord, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

ANTHEM XVIII.

Revelations, 19th Chapter, 6th Verse.

Hallelujah Chorus.—HANDEL.

Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent
reigneth;
The kingdoms of this world are become
the kingdom of our God and of his Christ:
And he shall reign for ever and ever,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.
Hallelujah!

ANTHEM XIX.—W. DIXON.

We sing his love who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all his saints thro' him might have
Eternal conquest o'er the grave.
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty pow'r shall keep,
'Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.
Soon shall the trumpet, &c.

How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day.

When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys will be complete;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.

Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display,
When all thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

ANTHEM XX.

Psalm 22nd, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Verses.

Good-Friday Anthem.—Reynolds.

My God, my God, look upon me;
Why hast thou forsaken me, and art so far
from my health, and from the words
of my complaint?

O my God, I cry in the day time, but thou hearest not;
And in the night season also I take no rest.
But thou continuest holy, O thou worship of Israel.

ANTHEM XXI.

14*th Chapter, Revelations,* 13*th Verse.*

Funeral Anthem.—SPOLER.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth and for ever; they rest from their labours, and their works follow them.

ANTHEM XXII.

137*th Psalm to* 8*th Verse.*—DR. BOYCE.

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion.
As for our harps, we hanged them up upon the trees that were therein.
For they that led us away captive required of us a song, and a melody in our heaviness.
Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning;
If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth;
Yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.

Remember the children of Edom, O Lord,
in the day of Jerusalem;
How they said, Down with it, even to the
ground.
O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery.
Yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee
as thou hast served us.

ANTHEM XXIII.—MOZART.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Angels and Archangels cry:
Saints redeemed from every land.
Catch the sound, and loud reply,—
Holy, holy, holy, Lord.

ANTHEM XXIV.

St. Luke, 2nd Chapter, 14th Verse.—
PERGOLESI.

Glory to God in the highest;
Peace, good-will towards men.

ANTHEM XXV.—KENT.

1st Chronicles, 29th Chapter, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th Verses.

Blest be thou, Lord God of Isreal, our
Father, for ever and ever:
Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the
power and the glory and the victory,
and the majesty:
For all that is in the heaven and the earth
are thine.
And thou art exalted head over all.

Both riches and honour come of thee, and thou reignest over all;
And in thine hand is power and might;
And in thine hand it is, to make great and to give strength unto all;—
Now, therefore, O God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name.

ANTHEM XXVI.

Isaiah, 52nd Chapter, 1st, 2nd, 7th, 9th and 10th Verses.

Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion;
Put on thy beautiful garments O Jerusalem;
Loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion.
Shake thyself from the dust, O Jerusalem, thou holy city.
How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that brings glad tidings of peace and salvation;
That saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth!
Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth;
Break forth into joy,—Hallelujah:
Sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem;
For the Lord hath comforted his people,—Hallelujah;
And all the world shall see the salvation of our God.

ANTHEM XXVII.—Bathishill.

25th Psalm, 6th Verse.

Advent, or Lent.

O remember not the sins and offences of my youth, but according to thy mercy think thou of me, O Lord, for thy goodness.

ANTHEM XXVIII.—Handel.

Isaiah, 9th Chapter, 6th Verse.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

ANTHEM XXIX.—Rev. W. Mason.

Lord of all power and might, thou that art the author of all good things, graft in our hearts the love of thy name, increase in us true religion, nourish us in all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord Amen.

ANTHEM XXX.—Chapple.

93rd Psalm.

The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel,
And girded himself with strength;
He hath made the round world so sure that it cannot be moved;

Ever since the world began, thou art from everlasting.
The floods are risen, O Lord!
The floods lift up their voice,
The floods lift up their waves;
The waves of the sea are mighty and rage horribly.
But yet the Lord, who dwelleth on high, is mightier.
Thy testimonies, O Lord, are sure, very sure;
Holiness becometh thine house for ever and ever. Amen.

ANTHEM XXXI.—CHAPPLE

26th Psalm.

Sacrament Anthem.

I will wash my hands in innocency, O Lord,
And so will I go to thine altar;
That I may show the voice of thanksgiving,
And tell of all thy wondrous works.
Lord, I have loved the habitation of thine house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth.
I will walk innocently, O deliver me and be merciful unto me.
I will praise the Lord in the congregation.

ANTHEM XXXII.

Psalm 40th.

I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my calling.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even a thanksgiving unto our God. Blessed is the man that hath set his hope in the Lord. O Lord my God, great are the wondrous works which thou hast done: if I should declare them and speak of them, they should be more than I am able to express.

I have not kept back thy loving mercy and truth from the great congregation. Withdraw not thou thy mercy from me, O Lord: let thy loving kindness and thy truth always preserve me. Let all those that seek thee be joyful and glad in thee; and let such as love thy salvation say always, the Lord be praised.

ANTHEM XXXIII.

From the 8th, 16th, 47th, 25th, 21st Psalms.

O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! Thou wilt shew me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy; and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore

O clap your hands, all ye people, shout unto God with the voice of triumph. For all the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth, unto such as keep his covenant. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will shew them his covenant. Be thou

exalted, Lord, in thine own strength; so will we sing and praise thy power. Amen.

ANTHEM XXXIV.—Chapple.

Funeral Anthem.

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.

ANTHEM XXXV.—Chapple.

Chronicles, 19th Chapter, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 29th, and 31st Verses.

Sing unto the Lord, all the earth; shew forth his salvation from day to day; declare his glory among the heathen; his marvellous works among all nations. For great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; he is to be feared above all gods.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name; bring an offering, and come before him: worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Let the heavens be glad, let the earth rejoice, and let men say among the nations, the Lord reigneth.

ANTHEM XXXVI.—HANDEL.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

ANTHEM XXXVII.—HANDEL.

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good-will towards men.

ANTHEM XXXVIII.—HARWOOD.

Funeral Anthem.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit! O! quit! this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying;
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
Hark! they wisper, angels say,
Sister Spirit! come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight.

Drowns my spirit, draws my breath.
Tell me, my soul, can this be death!
The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend, your wings, I mount, I fly,
O grave! where is thy victory!
O death! where is thy sting!

ANTHEM XXXIX.—Dr. Callcott.

I was glad when they said unto me,
We will go into the house of the Lord.
Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousnsss within thy palaces. Amen.

ANTHEM XL.

Praise the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name;
O be joyful in God, all ye lands,
Make his name glorious.

ANTHEM XLI.—Marsh.

O Lord, who hast taught us that all our doings without charity are nothing worth, send thy Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before thee. Grant this for thine only Son, Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

ANTHEM XLII.—Chapple.

O sing unto the Lord a new song. Let the congregation of the saints praise him.

ANTHEM XLIII.—Dr. Callcott.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple. Amen.

ANTHEM XLIV.—Handel.

The Lord gave the word, great was the company of the preachers.

ANTHEM XLV.—Kent.

Salvation belongs unto the Lord,
And thy blessing is among thy people.

ANTHEM XLVI.

Holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth,
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty
Of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord,
Most High.

ANTHEM XLVII.—Haydn.

Hallelujah to the God of Israel, we will praise him evermore: Hallelujah, the Lord is our defender, he will save us with his mighty arm: God is great in battle, for he is the Lord of hosts. Hallelujah, he is our refuge, we will praise him evermore.

ANTHEM XLVIII.

Sacrament Hymn.

Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, in the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks he brake it and said, Take, eat, this is my body, which is given for you, this do ye in remembrance of me.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

In the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, Drink ye all of this; for this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins.

Do this, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, grant us thy peace.

FIRST LINES OF THE PSALMS.

	Psalm	Part.
Among the gods there's none like thee	86	2
As pants the hart for cooling streams	42	
Attend, O earth, whilst I declare	2	
A thousand at thy side shall die	91	2
Be gracious to thy servant, Lord	110	2
Bless God, my soul; thou, Lord alone	104	1
Bless God, my soul; thou, Lord alone	104	2
Bless'd is the man, whom thou, O Lord	94	
But, Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope	36	
But, thou, O Lord, art my defence	3	
Continue, Lord, to hear my voice	27	
Defend me, Lord, from shame	31	1
Erect your heads, eternal gates	24	2
False witnesses with forg'd complaints	35	
For ever and for ever, Lord	119	
For thee, O God, our constant praise	65	
From lowest depths of woe	130	
God's faithful promise I will praise	56	
God is our refuge in distress	46	
Happy the man whose tender care	41	
Has God for ever cast me off	77	
Have mercy, Lord, on me	51	1

	Psalm	Part.
He that has God his guardian made	91	1
He's bless'd whose sins have pardon gain'd	32	
How bless'd are they who always keep	119	1
How bless'd is he who ne'er consents	1	
How good and pleasant must it be	92	
How happy then are they to whom	33	
How just and merciful is God	116	
How long wilt thou be angry, Lord	79	
How long wilt thou forget me, Lord	13	
How vast must their advantage be	133	
I'll celebrate thy praises, Lord	30	
Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord	119	3
In thee I put my steadfast trust	71	1
In thee I put my steadfast trust	71	2
I strive each action to approve	16	
I waited meekly for the Lord	40	
Jehovah reigns, let all the earth	97	
Let all the just to God with joy	33	1
Let all the lands with shouts of joy	66	1
Let me with light and truth be blest	43	
Lord, hear my pray'r, and to my cry	143	
Lord, hear the voice of my complaint	5	
Lord, who's the happy man that may	15	
My God, my God, why leav'st thou me	22	
My soul for help on God relies	62	
My soul, inspir d with sacred love	103	
No change of times shall ever shock	18	
O all ye people, clap your hands	47	
O come all ye that fear the Lord	66	2
O come, loud anthems let us sing	95	
O God, my gracious, God, to thee	63	
O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent	57	2
O God my heart is fully bent	108	
O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord	84	

	Psalm	Part.
O God our Saviour, all our hearts	85	1
O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry	28	
O Lord, the Saviour and defence	90	
O Lord to my relief draw near	70	
O praise the Lord, for he is good	118	
O praise the Lord in that bless'd place	150	
O praise the Lord with hymns of joy	147	
O praise ye the Lord	149	
O render thanks, and bless the Lord	105	
O render thanks to God above	106	
O thou, to whom all creatures bow	8	
O 'twas a joyful sound to hear	122	
Praise ye the Lord, our God to praise	111	
Save me, O God, from waves that roll	69	
Since I have plac'd my trust in God	11	
Since mercy is the grace	25	3
Sing to the Lord a new-made song	98	
Sure, wicked fools must needs suppose	14	
Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I	86	3
That man is bless'd who stands in awe	112	
Thee I'll extol, my God and King	145	
The good man's way is God's delight	37	2
The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord	19	1
The lips that with deceit abound	12	
The Lord abounds with tender love	113	2
The Lord from heav'n beholds the just	34	2
The Lord has spoke, the Almighty God	50	
The Lord himself, the mighty Lord	23	
The Lord, the only God is great	48	
The Lord who made both heav'n and earth	146	
The spacious earth is all the Lord's	24	1
The statutes of the Lord are just	19	2
The strong foundation of the earth	102	
Though wicked men grow rich or great	37	6
Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom	119	1

	Psalm	Part.
Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known	139	
Through all the changing scenes of life	34	1
Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand	89	2
Thy chast'ning wrath, O Lord restrain	38	
Thy dreadful anger, Lord restrain	6	
Thy mercies and thy love	25	2
Thy mercy Lord, display	31	2
Thy mercy, Lord, to me extend	57	1
Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song	89	1
Thy presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord	10	
To bless thy chosen race	67	
To celebrate thy praise, O Lord	9	
To God, in whom I trust	25	1
To God, the mighty Lord	136	
To God, with mournful voice	142	
To him your voice in anthems raise	68	
To all that fear God's holy name	85	2
To my complaint, O Lord my God	86	1
To Zion's hills I lift my eyes	121	
We build with fruitless cost, unless	127	
We will not hide them from our sons	78	
Whate'er events betide	31	3
When we, our wearied limbs to rest	137	
Whom then in heav'n but thee alone	73	
Who place on Zion's God their trust	125	
With one consent let all the earth	100	
With cheerful notes let all the earth	117	
Withdraw not thou thy help	51	2
Withdraw not thou thy help	51	3
With favour, Lord, look down on me	119	5
With glory clad, with strength array'd	93	
With my whole heart, my God and King	138	
Ye boundless realms of joy	148	
Ye princes that in might excel	29	
Ye saints and servants of the Lord	113	

FIRST LINES OF THE HYMNS.

	Hymn.
Alas, what hourly dangers rise	41
Almighty Father of mankind	48
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	58
And wilt thou, O Eternal God	71
Almighty Lord, before thy throne	72
Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart	46
Blest is the tie that binds	54
Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove	31
Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come	36
Creator of the rolling flood	42
Come ye that love the Lord	56
Dark was the night and cold the ground	24
Father of Heaven, whose love profound	37
Father of all, whose watchful care	74
Father of mercies, in thy word	39
Father of mercies, bow thine ear	65
Forgive, O Lord, our wand'rings past	61
God of our life, thy various praise	73
God moves in a mysterious way	30
Glory to thee, my God, this night	59
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound	64
Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes	1
Hark! the herald angels sing	5
High let us swell our tuneful notes	6

	Hymn,
How beauteous are their feet	11
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	22
How David, when by sin deceived	43
How glorious is the King to-day	34
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness	51
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	26
Jesus, refuge of my soul	44
Lo! he comes, in clouds descending	2
Lord, have mercy, and remove us	52
My God, and is thy table spread	60
O God, who by thy star did'st lead	10
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	13
O God, by whom the seed is giv'n	16
O Lord, turn not thy face away	18
Oh help us, Lord, each hour of need	20
O thou, to whose all-searching sight	21
O thou, whom neither time nor space	23
Oh, for a heart to praise my God	32
Our Lord is risen from the dead	33
Oh, for a closer walk with God	55
Oft as the bell, with solemn toll	62
O spirit of the living God	68
On Zion and on Lebanon	69
O Lord our languid souls inspire	75
Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns adore him	4
Spirit of truth, on this thy day	35
Saviour, source of ev'ry blessing	47
Soldiers of Christ, arise	53
The God of life, whose constant care	9
The Lord shall reign where'er the sun	12
The angel comes; he comes to reap	14

	Hymn.
The spacious firmament on high	15
The sun of righteousness appears	27
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	29
To thee we come, our God to thee	40
There is a land of pure delight	49
The law commands and makes us know	50
The gentle Saviour calls	66
This stone to thee in faith we lay	70
Whene'er the angry passions rise	3
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night	7
When all thy mercies, O my God	8
Welcome news the gospel brings	17
When rising from the bed of death	19
When I survey the wondrous cross	25
When sinners utter boasting words	38
What various hind'rances we meet	45
When youth and age are snatch'd away	63
Witness, ye men and angels, now	67
With one consent let all the earth	57
Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know	28

ROWSELL & ELLIS, PRINTERS, TORONTO.